2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

to his wife, kicking Klendó in the ear and overturning Amendó's pot in his semi-somnambulism. All of this makes ethnology terribly difficult, for it is hard to be sure that the dark mass you had decided was Yakwé an hour ago isn't Vomblé or just the shadow of the house post now.

Kainging camp sites are any shape at all. Level ground is rare and what there is is so irregular that the Indians have to distribute themselves about it in the most economical way possible. But they will never sleep on any kind of slope, and if a particular patch of level ground is just a little too small for a family they may build it up by throwing some dirt on a foundation of leaves. When a woman sits down, lays her firebrand on the ground, piles wood on it, and begins to nurse her baby, it is pretty certain that camp will be made right there. No woman sits down without deliberation, for where she sits she stays, and where she stays she and her husband will sleep. Nothing can dislodge her, and no one will dare to suggest that she move over. It is a matter of complete indifference to her that the spot she has picked out may be such that a large family will have to break up in order to conform to her choice.

After she has nursed her baby, eaten a few nuts, and perhaps put the pot on to boil she gets up and cleans the ground, pushing the surface litter back for a pillow, chopping out the protruding roots, scraping and leveling until it is "clean." Then off she goes for ferns to cover the site, sometimes walking half a mile to get the exact kind she wants. When this is all done the camp looks inviting, but next day, after fifty bare feet have walked, run, fought, or toddled over it and the soup has been spilled, it is untidy and dirty. By the end of a week, if they should stay so long, dirt has piled up around the camp—nut shells, pieces of animal hides, fruit skins, bones, palm-shoot shells, wasp's nests from which the larvae have been taken and eaten, basket splints, and human and animal offal—and the place has a repellent odor.

The Kainging are awake an hour before dawn. The young men lie huddled together under their blankets, sometimes five or six of them in a row, chattering and laughing, while the married men shout across from their beds with their wives and someone perhaps lies singing quietly to himself. At last a fire is stirred and a woman or a child goes for water. By dawn the pots are on the fire, and the campers are beginning to shake the stiffness out of their bodies. Perhaps some young woman still lies lazily nursing her child while her young husband sits on her feet to keep them warm. Men begin to take down their bows and bend them against their legs, and arms like wrestlers' swell and bend as the bows are drawn. A famished dog yelps as its owner beats it for stealing food; a woman growls at her child in mild, helpless anger as it defecates in camp. The men circulate around while the women sit quietly nursing their children or eating.